

The Whig-Intelligencer:

8.

OR,

Sir SAMUEL in the POUND,
For Publishing *Scandalous* and *Seditious* Letters,
For which he was Fin'd 10000 l. on Saturday, April 19.

Sir Samuel Barnard---on } *Not Tongue nor Pen to rule;*
Deserves to be pist on, } *Ey which he lost the Cause,*
For being so great a Fool } *And paid 10000 l. for Sawce.*

To the Tune of, *Hark! the thund'ring Cannons roar, &c.*



1.
Hark! the fatal day is come,
Fatal as the day of Doom,
For Sir Samuel there make room,
So fam'd for *Ignoramus*:
He whose Conscience cou'd allow
Such large favours you know how,
If we do him Justice now,
The Brethren will not blame us.

2.
Stand to the Bar, and now advance,
Morden, Kenrick, Otes and Prance;
But let the Foreman lead the Dance,
The rest in course will follow;
Tilden, Kenrick, next shall come,
And with him receive their Doom,
Ten Thousand pound, at which round
The *Hall* set up a Halloo. (Sum

3.
Brave Sir *Barnard*---on now,
Who no *Main* would er'e allow
To lose ten thousand at a throw,
Was pleas'd to all mens thinking:
Ten thousand pounds! a dismal note,
Who before had giv'n his Vote,
Not to give the KING a Groat,
To save the Throne from sinking.

4.
But yet there's a Remedy,
Before the KING shall get by me,
I'll quit my darling Liberty;
Nor will I give in Bail for't:
For e're the Crown shall get a Groat
In opposition to my Vote,
I'll give 'em leave to cut my Throat,
Altho' I lye in Goal for't.

5.
Were't for *Monmouth*, I'd not grieve,
Or Brave *Ruffel* to retrieve,
Or that *Sidney* yet might live,
Twice told, I'd not complain, Sir:
Nay, what's more, my whole Estate,
With my *Bodkins, Spoons, and Plate*,
So I might reduce the State
To a *Commonwealth* again, Sir.

6.
Or that *Mon.* were in Grace,
Or Sir *Sam.* in *Jeffery's* place,
To spit his Justice in the Face,
For acting Law and Reason,
Or that the *Torys* went to pot,
Or we could prove it a Sham Plot,
Or *Essex* did not cut his Throat;
Or Plotting were not Treason,

7.
Thus I'd freely quit my Coyn;
But with *Torys* to combine,
Or keep the Heir in the right Line,
That *Poper* be in fashion,
To see the *Holy Cause* run down,
While *Mighty York* is next the Crown,
And *Perkin's* forc'd to flye the Town:
Oh vile Abomination!

8.
Sooner than Obedience owe
To their Arbitrary Law,
Or my Bail in danger draw,
For Breach of good Behaviour;
I with *Betbel*, and the rest (Nest,
O'th' Birds, in Cage will make my
And keep my Fine to Plot and Feast,
Till *Monmouth* be in Favour.